

# FORD TIMES

JUNE 1975

## *Special New England Issue*

The American Birthday Begins



Traditional LTD comfort  
and luxury are priced less  
than you may think.

## 1975 Ford LTD.

Mention LTD, and one thinks of a well-made, luxuriously comfortable standard-size car, and a reputation for a smooth, quiet ride.

Such high standards of quality are usually associated with high prices. But LTD upholds the Ford tradition of value, and comes to you, in 1975, competitively priced and with an impressive list of standard features like automatic

transmission, 351 V-8 engine, power steering, power front disc brakes, solid state ignition and steel-belted radial ply tires. There are three LTD's to choose from: LTD, the lowest priced car in the line, LTD Brougham (shown), and LTD Landau.

See the Ford LTD's at your local Ford Dealer and see how little quality and comfort can cost.

Look close and compare. Ford means value now more than ever.



LTD Brougham with optional  
cornering lamps, WSW tires, deluxe  
wheel covers, convenience and deluxe bumper groups.





# FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

June, 1975, Vol. 68, No. 6

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**COVER:** Boston harbor in 1775, with British warships at anchor and Redcoats being rowed to shore. The painting is by Susan E. Naughton, who illustrated the story "Boston on the Eve—1775," on page 32.

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## Foreword

**W**HEN WE accept the challenge of a New England issue, we take on the most pleasant problem imaginable. On the one hand our pages are limited in size and number, on the other we have the six Yankee states, as richly varied, as deeply textured in history, as beautiful as any region in the country. To begin is easy, to end nearly impossible.

Unable to be definitive, we must settle for being representative. Because so many of us call New England our first home, we asked the distinguished poet and novelist May Sarton to describe her feelings on coming home to New England. And Nathaniel Burt tells us how much fun it is to romp among our ancestors.

Unable to cover all the marvels of New England scenery, we have a story on one person's choice of a beautiful drive—and we await the disputes eagerly. Unable to talk at length about the Yankee character, we have reprinted William Faulkner's fine story, which he wrote originally for us 20 years ago; it is as true today as it was when the great Southerner first set it down.

Because New England is a splendid region for dining, we have a story on the universality of its restaurants—but the story is the merest hint. Because New England has a myriad of wonderful craftsmen, we have a story on several of them—again, merely a hint. As for architecture, our salute to the subject is a superb row of houses in New Hampshire.



This issue of *Ford Times* is also our bow to Boston and its celebration of the American Bicentennial. Our story (Boston 200) tells a little of what the city is planning during the next two months—but here, too, only a hint.

For travelers, here's some sound advice: When in New England and in need of information about where to go, how to get there, where to eat, what to see, drop in at a Ford dealer. He's an expert on his locality, he's friendly and he'll be more than happy to answer questions.

If you can't make it, we hope you will read this for what it is—a sincere and respectful attempt to inscribe New England on the head of a pin.

—The Editors





I HAVE LIVED most of my life in New England, first in Cambridge when I was a child; then in a village in the hills of New Hampshire where I settled for 15 years in early middle age; and now in the town of York, Maine, right on the ocean (where I hope to stay forever). But I have always gone back to Europe now and then, for I have roots also in Belgium and in England through my father and mother. For a true New Englander, of course, such a cosmopolitan cannot be called a New Englander at all. I was not even born on this continent.



Why is it then that each homecoming stirs me so deeply? After some rainy weeks in Europe last October I could hardly believe the brightness of the Maine air, the brilliance of color,


## *Coming Home To New England*

by May Sarton

the cloudless skies, and the sharp light that falls with such naked splendor on white clapboard.

And so it has always been. New England grips the heart. Is it partly because, for all the beauty, life has never been easy here? Who can walk the woods and come on a tumble-down stone wall without wincing? Two hundred years ago some man broke his back clearing a field here, urging his oxen on, cursing as the chain tugging at a boulder broke again—and now it's all grown back to woods. Who can pass those great wrecked sailing ships in this or that Maine harbor without dreaming of the days 150 years ago when New England men in their 20s captained such ships and took them to China and the South Seas? Who can pass without a sigh the beautiful red brick factories of Lowell and Lawrence, their windows blank now? Fifty years ago industry moved south for cheap labor. Yes. Yankee ingenuity has had to make and re-make from the very start, and some kind of "renewal"





is bred in the bone, maybe by the weather.



In New England the weather is an emotional strain or an exhilarating challenge, depending on one's mood. But how could I choose to live where I would not see the first fall of snow, sifting down in perfect silence, flake by flake? And who in a more temperate zone does not dream occasionally of a swim in an icy ocean on a blazing hot summer day? I have to admit that the New England climate has a flaw and it is our late spring. I am nostalgic when letters from England tell me snowdrops are out in January—all the while my garden is frozen under three feet of snow.

But when our spring bursts out it is worth having waited for. What can surpass the tall lilac bushes and their lavender and purple and white opulence, that sweet scent on the air? Or the apple orchards lifting branches of pink and white coral, each tree a bower for bees and birds?

And if our spring comes late, the autumn makes up for it. Just as the Japanese declare a holiday when the trees bloom, so do Americans go out *en masse* "to see the leaves" all through New England. There is nothing to compare with this brief burst into flame anywhere in Europe, or anywhere else in America for that matter: orange, scarlet, saffron, shot through by sunlight against that bright blue sky that takes the breath away and suggests a kind of passion in contrast to the sedate villages of 18th century white clapboard houses, with a white church standing on a carpet of gold and bronze. So perhaps the answer to the magic of New England lies in the fact that all is contrast and sudden change within a sturdy framework.

No, life is not easy in these parts, but it is never dull. It's a rugged life upcountry and full of heartbreak, but it has created a tough, humorous, laconic people who are, under their reserve, highly emotional, and steeped in natural wonders. I can still see Perley Cole, a farmer who retired to my village, and the brightness of his eyes as he asked me if I cared to know there was a doe with her fawn down at the end of my field. As an old man he had come to hate the hunters although, when young, he had been one himself.

And I think of the love with which Gracie Warner shows me





a pet pheasant, lifting the lid off one magic box after another to reveal guinea pigs, bantam hens and rabbits, and, in a small shed, her donkey, Esmeralda. And I think of Mildred Quigley bringing me a bunch of arbutus, that frail, sweet-scented, waxy flower that hides itself under the detritus of fallen leaves and is the very first sign of spring. In my village there was little money and everyone worked terribly hard to stay afloat, but when people live close to the marrow, they are extraordinarily aware.

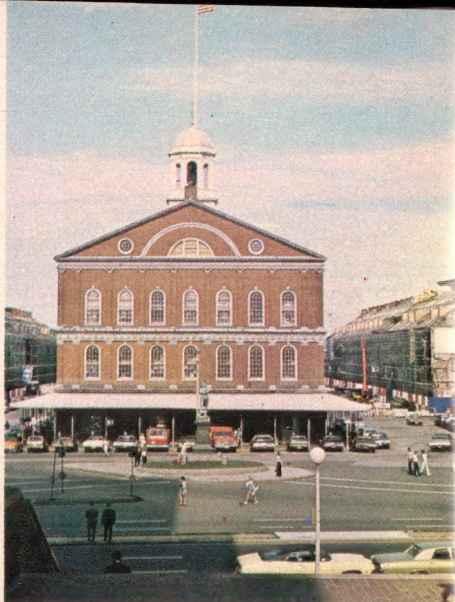
When I come back from Europe I sense all this freshly, the struggle and the kind of people struggle creates. But it is also, strangely enough, the youth of New England that moves me, for compared to old England, it is very new. Was it only yesterday that people from my village leapt onto horseback and rode the 85 miles south to Lexington to join the battle against the British?

*Here private worlds rose to a grandeur given;  
Men of this house left their dear hardworn haven  
And traveled many a lonely dusty mile  
Because they represented an old style,  
Because they stood by a form in the mind,  
(These doors and windows shape a man and bind),  
Knew what they meant and kept the meaning warm;  
Taciturn, took a century by storm,  
'Average, divine, original concrete,'  
Embodied freedom from a village street:  
It is their ghosts I recognize and greet.\**

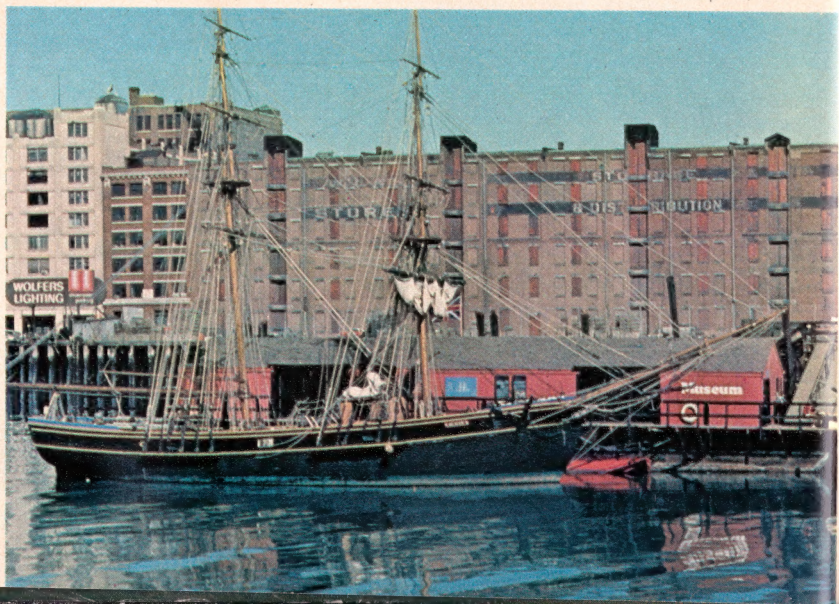
There are many kinds of freedom still being fought for on these rocky coasts and uplands, but perhaps the chief reason I come home to New England with a heart full of love is that here the individual, and even the eccentric, is cherished. Those who live in the sedate clapboard houses insist on doing what they damn well please, and allowing others to do the same. So New England is and always has been a haven for free spirits, for those who are more interested in growth and change from within themselves than in making a fortune or in changing the outside world. For these—and I am proud to live among them—government begins in self-government. □

\*"Reflections by a Fire," *Collected Poems*, May Sarton (W. W. Norton Co. 1974)





# Boston 200—the





**B**OSTON HAS TAKEN the American birthday party to its heart. The city's plans, and those of its outlying communities, add up to the most elaborate observance of America's 200th anniversary of any city in the country. This is entirely appropriate for the region whose history includes Bunker Hill, the Tea Party, the lights in the Old North Church, Lexington, Concord and the stirring events that led to American independence and a nation whose Constitution has been a wonder of the world for two centuries.

The festivities began officially on April 18, exactly 200 years after Paul Revere's ride, and they will continue all this summer and next.

Boston is very much a city for walking, and for the Bicentennial observances it has been organized with walkers in mind. Some 20 years ago, the prominent historian Bernard DeVoto wrote, "Boston is a pleasant, picturesque, very beautiful town. No place in the country has more historic sites and buildings; no place is more delightful to explore. But take the advice of a resident who happens to be both a historian and a habitual tourist: leave your car in a parking lot, then tour the town on foot."

Visitors can strike up a walking acquaintance with Boston's varied neighborhoods, historic areas and cultural institutions via a network

# Biggest Bicentennial of All

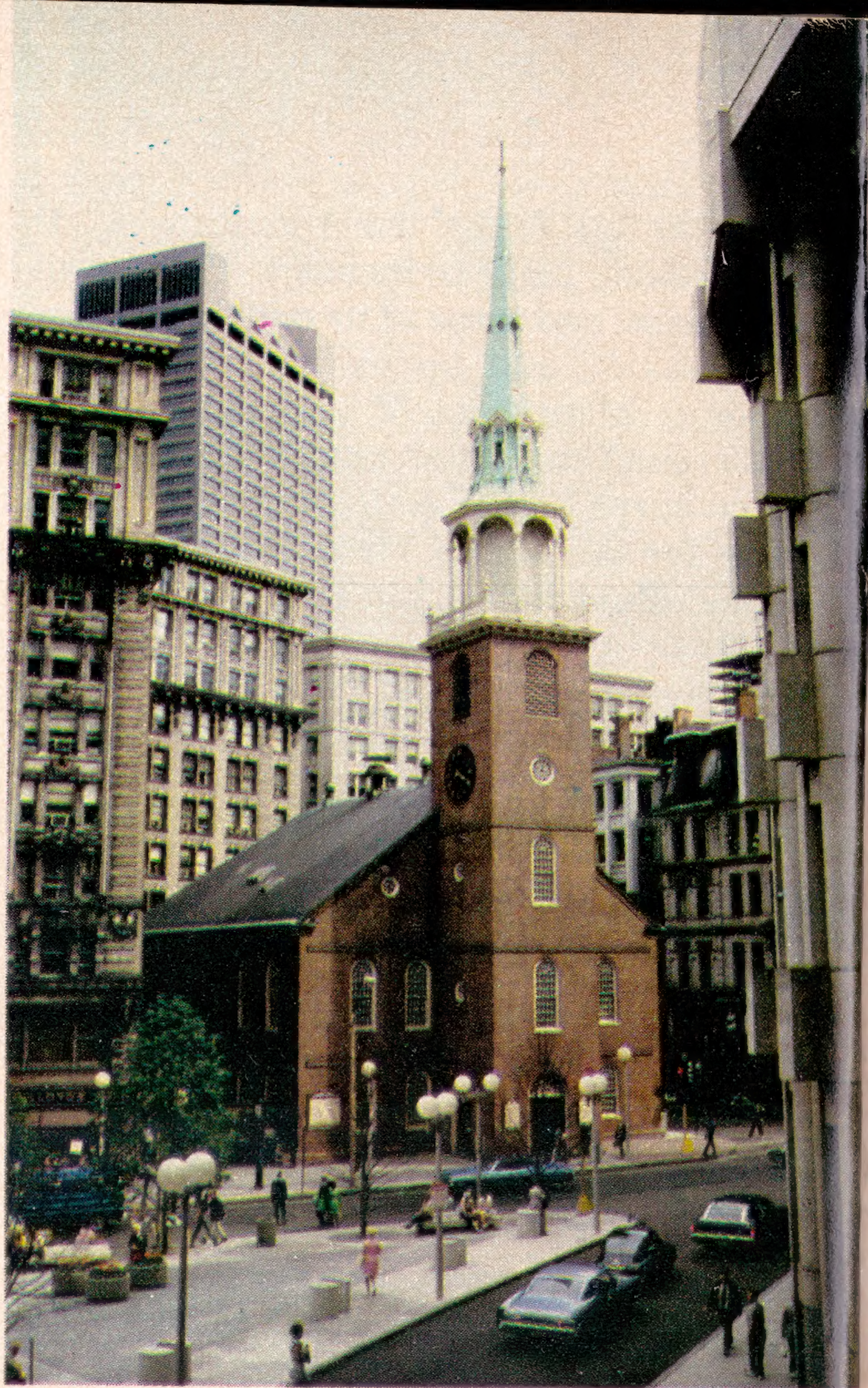
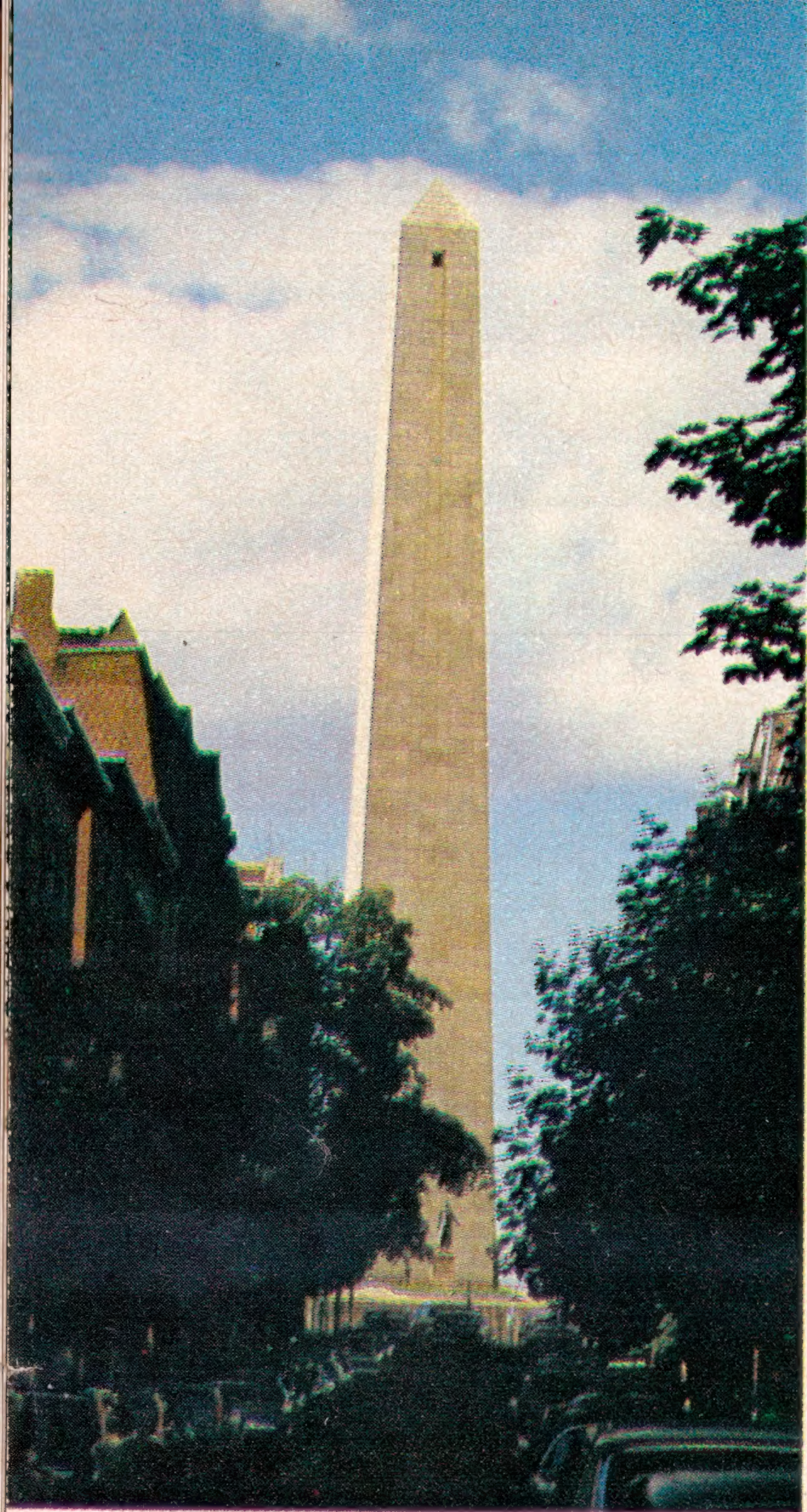
Around Massachusetts Bay,  
our national birthday party has already begun

Visitors have begun to come from all over the country—indeed, from all over the world. In addition to viewing the various events that are scheduled, they are likely to spend most of their time on the visible reminders of Boston's role in the Revolution. As the Boston 200 committee itself says, "The City Is the Exhibit."

of trails, paths and tours through Boston of the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. Freedom Trail includes history-laden sites such as Faneuil Hall, a marketplace built by Peter Faneuil in 1742, which served as a political forum for Revolutionary oratory. Here Colonial leaders, flanked by racks of sausages, delivered impassioned speeches pro-

Opposite page: Statue of Paul Revere, with the Old North Church in background; Faneuil Hall; replica of the Tea Party ship





testing oppressive British rule.

Beyond the hall, stands the Old South Meeting House where Bostonians decided to disguise themselves as Indians and raid the three tea ships at Griffin's Wharf. There is a full-size replica of one of the original tea ships open for inspection and a Tea Party Museum with documents and exhibits that make our past tangible and real.

In addition to the historic Freedom Trail, eight neighborhood

walking trails guide visitors through the fascinating nooks and crannies of Back Bay, Beacon Hill, North End, Charlestown, Waterfront, Downtown, South End and Cambridge.

The Charlestown Trail takes explorers to Boston's earliest beginnings: Charlestown, on the north bank of the Charles River, was founded in 1629 by a handful of settlers. Later, Governor Winthrop moved across the river in search





Opposite page: Bunker Hill Monument and the Old South Meeting House; above: Paul Revere's house

of purer springs. These settlers gave Boston its start.

Landmarks of note along the Trail include the Timothy Thompson House, which served as a carpentry shop during the postwar rebuilding of the area. The old Warren Tavern next door, a restored 1790s tavern, makes a good spot for lunch and a pleasant rest. The Edward Everett House, on Harvard Street, is considered the finest Federal-period house in Charlestown. Harvard Mall marks the location of a fort where the Colonists fought off the Indians.

The Cambridge Trail, with its twisting roads and narrow carriage-

ways, some still paved with cobblestone, is a stroller's delight. Cambridge was named in honor of the English university that educated many Puritan governors and clergy. A main attraction is Harvard College, named for John Harvard, who bequeathed half his property and his library of 400 books to the infant college. The serenity that characterizes Harvard as well as Radcliffe and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, both nearby, is refreshing and restful to strollers.

Visitors will pass the Old Burying Ground, dating from before 1635, where Revolutionary soldiers and settlers are buried. Christ Church, on nearby Garden Street, is the oldest existing church in Cambridge, completed in 1761. Its congregation consisted of Tory Anglicans who supported the British in the days preceding the war. Despite its congregation, the church proved very useful to patriots, who used it as a barracks and melted the organ pipes for ammunition.

Across from Christ Church lies the village green, known as Cambridge Common. For 300 years the park has served as the focal point for the city's political, religious and social life. General Washington's main camp was here from 1775 to 1776. Nine thousand men gathered to join his Continental Army. A bronze plaque commemorates the spot where he took command of his troops.

Along the Back Bay and Beacon



Hill Trails visitors will find elegant 19th century homes and the opulent mansions and private clubs that formed the playground for Boston's elite. South End charts the fluctuating fortunes of a section that went from mansions to tenements to modern day rebirth. Trail blazers who enjoy ethnic backgrounds can explore North Ends' colorful Italian community. The Old Waterfront Trail offers haunts of privateers, smugglers and clipper-ship crews.

In addition to the walks, the Boston Bicentennial committee has sponsored a number of exhibits dealing with literature, medicine, science, Boston women, Boston Blacks and much more. A summer exhibit at the Boston Public Library will appeal to literature lovers. Films, lectures and poetry readings recapture the era when Emerson, Hawthorne and Harriet Beecher Stowe gathered at the Old Corner Bookstore.

The Boston Bicentennial also salutes that most admired part of our American vitality—Yankee ingenuity. An exhibit called "The Grand Exposition of Progress and Invention" reveals what the safety razor, the telephone and the sewing machine have in common. All were invented in Boston and all were technological creations that contributed to the economic growth of Boston in the 19th century.

Boston's innovations in the medical field provide yet another facet of Yankee inventiveness. Among

the city's roster of "firsts" are the use of ether, the smallpox vaccination, the development of gamma globulin and the artificial kidney unit. Visitors can browse through a special exhibit on Boston medicine at the Museum of Science.

Yankee ingenuity includes breakthroughs in other important fields as well. The golf tee, for instance. Thanks to Dr. George Grant, a prominent black dentist and inventor, the tee made its debut in 1899. Golf enthusiasts may pay their respects at the George Grant House, situated on the Black Heritage Trail.

Since no celebration is complete without festivals, Boston's streets, concert halls and parks will provide the settings for a summer-long round of gala events. Copley Square is the site of a Children's Festival every Sunday afternoon. There, visiting children meet Boston children to make friends, play games and listen to folk music.

Through June 30, music lovers can catch one of a number of Boston Pops concerts. June also marks Afro-American month in the city—June 13 and 14 black artists will stage all-night cabaret shows, cultural events and other entertainment. History enthusiasts can celebrate the 200th anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill with a parade on June 15 and a re-enactment of the battle on the 17th.

Visitors planning a trip in July will want to take in Boston's Inde-





Bust of Benjamin Franklin, who was born in Boston

pendence Day celebrations: parades on the city's historic streets and fireworks over Dorchester Bay.

From North End's Italian community comes a host of street festivals to book up Boston's calendar for August. Celebrants can look forward to a month of feasts starting with that of St. Agrippina (August 1-3) and ending with the Feast of St. Lucy (August 29-31). A change of pace has been scheduled on August 16 with a water festival commemorating the opening of Waterfront Park.

On top of all this, troubadours, fife and drum corps, folk singers and puppeteers will roam city neighborhoods throughout the summer, entertaining passing crowds.

There won't be a dull street in Boston.

Tourists will find a well-organized network of Visitor Services. Information Centers tell bicentennial visitors about exhibits, events, day care centers, boat rides, emergency medical care facilities. They can answer all kinds of tourist questions. The centers are plentiful in Boston, and similar information is available at turnpike toll booths outside the city.

A special hot line phone service, (617) 338-1975, called "Where It All Begins," gives fast, complete information about each day's events. Guests will find maps, brochures, walking guides and multilingual guides and even recorded cassettes to guide the blind.

A transportation system has been developed to help summer guests get about Boston quickly. Visitors may even leave their cars outside of the city and board Boston 200 shuttles or the MTA's new trolley and subway cars. □

## **For Bicentennial Information in Boston**

*City Hall Visitor Hospitality Center, City Hall, 4th floor*

*John Hancock Tower, Copley Square, lobby*

*Visitor Information Center, Boston Common, Tremont Street*

*Logan Airport, information facilities at all terminals*





## A Guest's Impression of

**I**T IS NOT THE COUNTRY which impressed this one. It is the people — the men and women themselves so individual, who hold individual integration and privacy as high and dear as they do liberty and freedom; holding these so high that they take it for granted that all other men and women are individuals, too, and treat them as such, doing this simply by letting them alone with absolute and complete dignity and courtesy.

Like this. One afternoon (it was October, the matchless Indian summer of New England) Malcolm Cowley and I were driving through back roads in western Connecticut and Massachusetts. We got lost. We were in what a Mississippian would call mountains but which New Englanders call hills; the road was not getting worse yet: just hillier and lonelier and apparently going nowhere save upward, toward a range of hills. At last, just as we were about to turn back, we found a house, a mailbox, two men, farmers or in the costume of farmers — sheep-lined coats and caps with ear-flaps tied over the crown — standing beside the mailbox, and watching us quietly and with perfect courtesy as we drove up and stopped.



"Good afternoon," Cowley said.

"Good afternoon," one of the men said.

"Does this road cross the mountain?" Cowley said.

"Yes," the man said, still with that perfect courtesy.

"Thank you," Cowley said and drove on, the two men still watching us quietly—for perhaps 50 yards, when Cowley braked suddenly and said, "Wait," and backed the car down to the mailbox again where the two men still watched us. "Can I get over it in this car?" Cowley said.

"No," the same man said. "I don't think you can." So we turned around and went back the way we came.

That's what I mean. In the West, the Californian would have been a farmer only by hobby, his true dedication and calling being that of a car trader, who would assure us that our car could not possibly make the crossing but that he had not only a car that could make it, but the only car west of the Rocky Mountains that could do it; in the Central States and the East

## New England *by William Faulkner paintings by Paul Sample*

we would have been given directions to circumvent the mountain, based on obscure third-count road forks and distant houses with lightning rods on the northeast chimney and creek crossings where if you looked carefully you could discern the remains of bridges vanished these 40 years ago, which Gabriel himself could not have followed; in my own South the two Mississippians would have adopted us before Cowley could have closed his mouth and put the car in motion again, saying (one of them; the other would already be getting into the car): "Why sure, it won't be no trouble at all; Jim here will go with you and I'll telephone across the mountain for my nephew to meet you with his truck where you are stuck; it'll pull you right on through and he'll even have a mechanic waiting with a new crankcase."

But not the New Englander, who respects your right to privacy and free will by telling, giving you only and exactly what you asked for, and no more. If you want to try to take your car over that road, that's your business and not his to ask you why. If you want to wreck it and spend the night on foot to the nearest lighted window or disturbed watchdog, that's your busi-

ness, too, since it's your car and your legs, and if you had wanted to know *if the car* could cross the mountain, you would have asked that. Because he is free, private. He was not made so by the stern and rockbound land — the poor thin soil and the hard long winters — on which his lot was cast. On the contrary: having elected deliberately of his own volition that stern land and weather because he knew he was tough enough to cope with them; having been bred by the long tradition which sent him from old worn-out Europe so he could be free; taught him to believe that there is no valid reason why life should be soft and docile and amenable, that to be individual and private is the thing and that the man who cannot cope with any environment anywhere had better not clutter the earth to begin with.

To stand out against that environment which has done its worst to him, and failed, leaving him not only superior to it but its master, too. He quits it occasionally of course, but he takes it with him, too. You will find him in the Middle West, you will find him in Burbank and Glendale and Santa Monica in sunglasses and straw sandals and his shirttail outside his pants. But open the aloha bed jacket and scratch him a little and you will find the thin soil and the rocks and the long snow and the man who had not at all been driven from his birthplace because it had beaten him at last, but who had left it because he himself was the victor and the spirit was gone with his cooling and slowing blood, and now is simply using that never-never land of mystics and astrologers and fire-worshippers and raw-carrot fiends as a hobby for his declining years. □





**T**HE AUTO INDUSTRY is responding to the growing demand for smaller, more economical cars with a variety of actions. Companies are announcing plans for brand-new cars, redesigned cars and extensive plant conversions—all multi-million-dollar projects.

It might appear that automakers discovered the small car just yesterday. Not Ford. Ford and small cars are no strangers.

Ford anticipated the growth of the small car market. In the past six years, the company has brought out eight new small car lines. Since the 1970 model year, new cars, plant conversions and other actions taken by Ford add up to a \$2 billion investment in small cars.

Ford has been an innovator in the small car field. The 1965 Mustang was the first high-volume small specialty car. It led to Mustang II, which became the success of '74 and is going strong this year, too. Through the first half of the '75 model year, it is by far the best-selling domestic car in its class.

The Granada also represents a new concept — it combines a high level of comfort and elegance with modest exterior dimensions and good fuel economy. Of the seven new domestic nameplates introduced last fall, Granada is number one in sales by a wide margin. In fact, Granada got off to the fastest start in company history. On introduction day, our dealers delivered more than double the number of

## Ford and Small Cars

# No Strangers



*Lee A. Iacocca, President,  
Ford Motor Company*

units for any previous Ford car line.

Ford is meeting the needs of today's small car buyers. In the first six months of the model year, we sold more small cars than any other manufacturer or importer. Small cars accounted for 54 percent of the company's total sales, the highest mix of the "Big Three," and higher than the industry rate of 51 percent.

What about the future? Yes, Ford has more plans involving small cars. But our plans are part of an effort that started years ago. Not yesterday. □



**Pinto Runabout  
with optional Luxury  
Decor Group**



# PINTO

## *The Little Car With the Biggest Following*



by Michael E. Maattala

**I**N RECENT YEARS, "getting back to basics" has become the goal of thousands of car buyers. Many have found the answer in Pinto, the best-selling subcompact.

Now in its fifth model year, Pinto offers dependability, durability, a low price and economical operation. It is smaller than Maverick and nearly five feet shorter than the full-sized Ford LTD—yet it seats four comfortably.

There are three models to choose from: Two-Door Sedan, Three-Door Runabout and Station Wagon. Each features as standard equipment a

2.3-liter four-cylinder engine that teams with a fully synchronized four-speed manual transmission with floor shift. Solid-state ignition also is standard—it helps reduce scheduled maintenance.

The lowest-priced Pinto is the Two-Door Sedan. It comes with manual rack and pinion steering, manual front disc brakes, Direct-Aire ventilation and inside hood release.

The interior includes thick padded high-back bucket seats and a full-width molded rear seat with durable all-vinyl trim. There's also a mini-console and color-keyed vinyl door panels.

The Three-Door Runabout offers the same basic features as the Sedan. In addition, it has a large flip-up rear door and a flip-down rear seat that converts into a five-foot-long color-keyed carpeted loadfloor. Fold down the rear seat and you have 29 cubic feet of cargo space. The standard deluxe belts and the carpeting in the passenger compartment also are color-keyed.

The Pinto Wagon is the most popular station wagon in America. It combines durability and economy with cargo-carrying versatility. With the rear seat folded down, you've got 57 cubic feet of space and a carpeted loadfloor that is nearly six feet long.

For smooth loading and unloading, there's a full upswinging liftgate with fixed backlite and liftgate open warning light. Flipper rear

quarter windows, color-keyed deluxe belts and tinted glass are all standard.

For those car buyers who want to start with the basics and then add equipment to suit their personal driving needs, Pinto models are available with a variety of optional equipment.

New for 1975 is a 2.8-liter V-6 engine now available on all models; it comes with the optional Select-Shift Cruise-O-Matic transmission. Power steering and power front disc brakes also are offered.

A frequent choice among Pinto Wagon buyers is the Squire Option. Exterior features include woodgrain vinyl paneling on bodysides and liftgate, wheel covers and Squire ornamentation. Inside, there's vinyl seat trim with the choice of houndstooth cloth or pleated vinyl inserts. Other interior highlights include deluxe door trim panels, woodtone appliques on the instrument panel, deluxe steering wheel with woodtone appliques, and a cargo area lamp.

A sporty special value package has been created for Sedan and Runabout models. Available at dealerships now, this package of popular options adds flair inside and out, and is priced to provide buyers with substantial savings. Pinto's package consists of styled

steel wheels with trim rings, sporty tape treatment, vinyl seat trim with DuraWeave insert, color-keyed carpeting (standard on Runabout), and Accent Group (wheel-lip moldings, bright window frames, and center pillar, belt and drip moldings). Buyers who select this package receive the styled steel wheels and trim rings free (based on manufacturer's price reduction to dealers on special option packages).

The new DuraWeave vinyl seat trim is also available as a separate option on the Runabout and Wagon. It offers the rich look and feel of cloth, yet has good cleanability and fade resistance.

Gas-saving steel-belted radial-ply tires are available in three optional choices: black sidewall, white sidewall and raised white letter wide-oval. An optional sound package enhances Pinto's riding comfort.

Other Pinto options include SelectAire Conditioner, electric rear window defroster, AM/FM stereo radio and metallic glow paint.

Pinto models pictured on pages 16-19 include one or more of the following options: Deluxe Bumper Group, white sidewall tires, Exterior Decor Group, Convenience Group, Squire Option, Luxury Decor Group, luggage rack. □

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Product information appearing in this issue was correct when approved for printing. Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

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Pinto Two-Door Sedan



Pinto Wagon with Squire Option



**T**RAVELING THROUGH Yankee country in 1789, George Washington was disappointed when he stopped at a tavern in Milford, Connecticut. He found his New England boiled dinner "too poor to eat," so he sent it back and settled for bread and milk. Things are far better than that today. In fact, eating out in New England is an experience more rewarding than it has been for most of the last two centuries, not only because the food is more edible than Washington's



## The Worldwide Cuisine of Our Northeast

by Evan Jones

drawings by Lin Ervine

beef and vegetables proved to be, but because there is greater variety. Today's restaurant menus from Connecticut to Maine offer the good tastes of many cuisines.

Take, for example, the many-storied Wayside Inn at South Sudbury, Massachusetts, which may be the country's oldest roadside tavern. It started in the pre-stagecoach days of 1686 as an ale house owned by the Howe family and later was known as the Red Horse, an inn where a traveler might get a meal of salt beef and shell beans, along with a whortleberry pudding. The Red Horse's Yankee flavor inspired Henry Wadsworth Longfellow to write the classic *Tales of a Wayside*





*Inn*, which in turn caused its proprietor to adopt its fictional name. Restored in the 20th century, it has the look of Colonial America and a menu that reflects changing times: It is not unusual to find a guest at the Wayside Inn enjoying beef Stroganoff, a dish created in Paris for an emigré Russian count.

Migrating restaurateurs have transformed the face of New England. Eighteenth century Yankee hostelrys—like the Jed Prouty Inn at Bucksport, Maine, or the pre-Revolution Public House at Sturbridge, Massachusetts—still welcome wayfarers. In addition, however, there are splendid Italian, French, Chinese and other restaurants. Once dismissed as “foreign,” they thrive in the same areas that then were meccas for those in search of shore dinners or for the Yankee cooking that earned no greater praise than that it was plain and substantial.

Those were Down East meals that could be monotonous. The courses of a single New Hampshire shore dinner ran a gamut from clam chowder through four kinds of fish to corn on the cob and hot rolls. A typical meal at an inn deep in the country was in its own way

equally redundant; whatever the *pièce de résistance*, it was never without a “relish tray” bearing cottage cheese, chow chow, piccalilli, conserves and vegetable relishes.

Nevertheless, the Yankee penchant for plain and substantial eating-out prevailed for generations. The European immigrants who started coming to the Northeast in the middle of the 19th century soon had their own neighborhood eating places with ethnic bills of



fare. Yet such bistros were not easily found by outsiders. It took the Jet Age, which made world travelers of millions of Americans, to create a demand for epicurean meals; many came home with enthusiasm for the food of countries they had visited. And it is in the last decade or so that masters of other cuisines have made such gastronomic discoveries a possibility for the average diner-out in New England.

I like to think that *haute cuisine* came to the Green Mountains when

René Chardain pioneered the new trend with his arrival in Vermont's still-Colonial-looking village of Newfane. (His *truite au bleu* may be the next best thing to a trip to France.) Now there are dozens of Frenchmen presiding over New England kitch-



ens, including the staff of Pierre's, a well-known restaurant recently moved from mid-Manhattan to Manchester Center, Vermont.

The acceptance of a Parisian emphasis by Yankee restaurant-goers, however, has not been the only change. Other menus are influenced by the Alpine character of many of the ski areas in New England. A molten *raclette* of Swiss cheese is a natural and flavorsome antidote to Yankee winter. And—equally comforting—there are high-



style, sophisticated meals prepared these days by German cooks in such places as Londonderry, Vermont, and Brewster, on Cape Cod.

"Continental" menus may have become ubiquitous, but genuine Italian restaurants—some specializing in delicate Milan and northern Italy nuances, some effulgent with Neopolitan sauces—are pervasive. They are numerous in and around Boston, in other towns where Italians have settled and, in fact, are scattered across the six states. There now are many places where one can



order a subtly flavored veal *picatta* or *saltimbocca*. I know a small one in Brattleboro that bears the portentous name of Rome's Via Condotti.

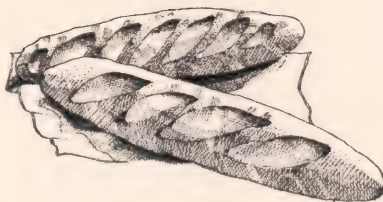
For their part, Greek restaurateurs no longer hide the dishes of their ancestors but proudly serve many specialities of the Mediterranean islands. So with other Middle Eastern cooks. One of the fine restaurants of Worcester, Massachu-



setts, is El Morocco, on Turk Hill, specializing in kebabs. Japanese restaurants have moved out into the country, and so have "genuine" Chinese dining places that no longer emphasize chop suey and chow mein but concentrate on one or another of China's superb regional cooking styles. A Fukien restaurant, highly recommended, is strategically close to the Yale campus in New Haven.

Come to think of it, young people are probably as responsible as any for the trend so evident among New England hostelrys. They are the most traveled generation in the history of public eating places. Lots of them have settled down in Yankee country in an effort to circumvent the vicissitudes of cities. Some of them have fostered the austerities of health-food diets, it is true. But some have taken over old inns and brought them back to life. Still others, showing another kind of creativity, have made great changes in the Yankee look. They believe that connoisseurs of good food should find the ambience as attractive as the meals themselves.

Both ambience and menu are remarkable at a remote Vermont inn at Montgomery Center, not far from the Canadian border. Called On the Rocks, in jaunty salute to the terrain on which the timbered stucco cottage was erected, its menu ranges from buckwheat groats to *tournedos béarnaise* and gazpacho. A sunken "conversation pit" arcs out from the warming fireplace, and



pillared candelabra are placed at diners' elbows when they are seated.

On the Rocks is a personal restaurant, the creation of Chef Jon Zachadnyck, who perfected the basics of his classic repertoire at New England's famed Culinary Institute of America. Driving away from his cottage through the rugged beauty of Hazen's Notch, where Jay Peak rises majestically in the background, a well-fed traveler reflected once more on the rewards to be found in Yankee country. Unlike George Washington after his long-ago trip, I know the chances are remote that I will ever have to settle for bread and milk at the end of a day of travel. □





Stedman Willard House



Hinckley House

# AN ARCHITECTURAL NEW

photographs by John H. Merwin

John Rogers House



AMONG THE MANY pleasurable things that lure visitors to New England, architecture shares the front rank. The architecture meant, of course, is the houses built in the late 18th century and up to the first third of the 19th. If ever there was a Periclean age of beautiful homes in America, this is it.

The houses, it so happens, are particularly accessible to motorists. In many instances, one needs only to drive slowly along certain streets to be treated to one marvel after another, although the better way is to park and walk around. Certain places are especially outstanding: Litchfield, Connecticut; the heights



in Providence, Rhode Island; Concord and Longmeadow, Massachusetts; Wiscasset, Maine—the list is long, the delights infinite.

One of the finest is Orford, New Hampshire, on the east bank of a placid and lovely stretch of the Connecticut River, some 15 miles north of Hanover. It is out of the way and not often visited. To find it by accident is to be astonished that there are no traffic jams in the vicinity. Orford is well known to connoisseurs. To others it awaits discovery.

The treasure is choice but rather

## TREASURE IN HAMPSHIRE

small. There are seven houses, situated in a row on what is called the Ridge Road. They are easily seen from the highway that follows the river. The driveways that lead to them are private, however, as are the houses themselves. These are not museum houses to which the public has access. Their owners are proud of them, but visitors to Orford should not forget that the view from the main road is all they are entitled to.

The Stedman Willard house was built in 1838-39, the final one of the seven to be built, and is named for its builder, who had come to Orford when he was 14, in 1812.



Leonard Wilcox House  
Samuel Morey House



The architectural style, Greek Revival, which had come into fashion around 1830, is characterized by the gable front and rather heavy proportions. Purists will ignore the porch, which is a late Victorian afterthought, having been built in the 1900s.

The Hinckley house was built in 1822-23 by an Orford merchant named Dyar T. Hinckley. It was built of brick now painted yellow. The doorway has a fanlight and the portico is topped by a railing.

John Rogers, a lawyer, was 32 when he bought the land on which the house now known by his name was built, between 1817 and 1821. The style was inspired by the great architect Charles Bulfinch. In its spaciousness, its large windows and its elegance it bespeaks a comfortable and opulent life that is astonishing when one considers the fact that the frontier and Indian warfare were hardly more than two decades back.

The heredity of the Wilcox house is complicated by the fact that it was built in three stages. Israel Morey built the first section in 1806, Samuel Morey the middle section in 1819, Leonard Wilcox a one-story front part in 1832.

The oldest house on the Orford ridge is the Samuel Morey house, which began as an ell built in 1773 by Orford's first minister, Obadiah Noble. The front was built in 1804 by Samuel Morey, an inventor (he built the first paddle wheel steam-

boat in America), and it is this section that gives the house its particular character. The style is sometimes described as Federal, but more accurately it is Georgian.

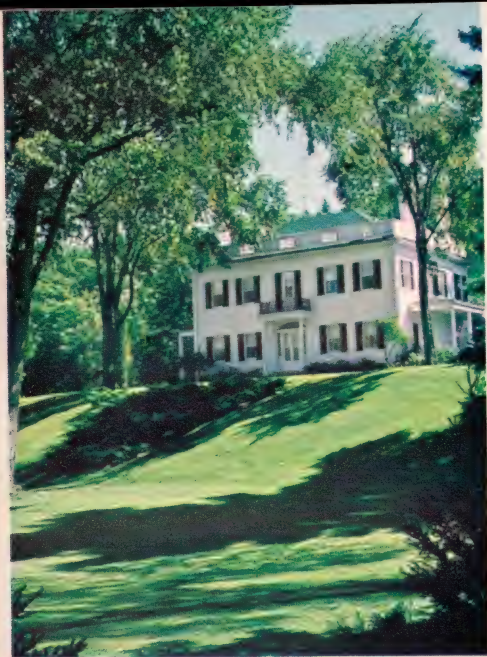
Possibly the grandest of the Ridge houses is the William Howard house, also known as the Vanderbilt-Dillon for more recent owners. It was built between 1825 and 1828 by Howard, a manufacturer of top hats and the father of 12 children. The house has chimneys at four corners and an imposing balustrade around the roof.

The John B. Wheeler house, built 1814-15, is very much like the Rogers house previously described. Sometimes attributed to the architect Bulfinch, it is more likely the design of a Bulfinch associate named Asher Benjamin. It is considered to be among the finest examples of the Federal style.

Taken together, these houses are a superb legacy of a great era in American design. They reflect the prosperity of the age in which they were built, but a prosperity marked by flawless taste.

Their lines, their proportions, their decorative details have a clarity and nobility that capture the eye, the mind and the heart. That they have been preserved so beautifully is a tribute to our respect for a great past. That they are occupied now by persons who regard them not only as homes but as a trust is a tribute to our good sense and our luck. □





William Howard House

John B. Wheeler House  
(photograph by  
John H. Hodgson)



# The Natural One LEATHER

***Granada and Thunderbird offer premium  
quality leather upholstery produced  
with Old World craftsmanship***

*by Nancy Kennedy*

*photographs by Leonard P. Johnson*

**L**EATHER IS an example of a product that has enjoyed universal appeal throughout the ages. Just the sound of the word "leather" conjures up pleasant thoughts and alerts the senses. The scent, the sight and most of all the feel of a real leather article quicken the desire to own it. Anyone who has held a handsome leather-bound book or run his hands over a magnificent leather saddle has experienced the sensation of touching something with richness and warmth to it.

The process of making leather is unrivaled for pure craftsmanship and chemical ingenuity. In turning back the pages of history, we find the practice of preserving skins predates recorded history.

Over the centuries the process of tanning passed from the arts to sciences. The beautiful, supple, real leather upholstery that can be ordered on Thunderbird or Granada

has all of the traditional feel and beauty of real leather plus scientifically produced ruggedness.

By actual test in comparison with other upholstery material, genuine leather is more resistant to abrasion, scuffing, puncture and damage from flexing. It also has greater tensile strength and greater stitch strength against pulling or flexing.

Modern Ford upholstery leather is easy to care for and needs no special pampering to preserve its beauty and softness. A simple application of mild soap and water will remove virtually any foreign materials from the stain-resistant leather. It is cool to the touch in summer and warm in winter.

As an extra-cost option on Thunderbird or Granada it often pays for its extra price in bringing a much higher price in resale or a trade in. Used cars with leather upholstery traditionally command a





Sorting salt-packed, top quality cow hides

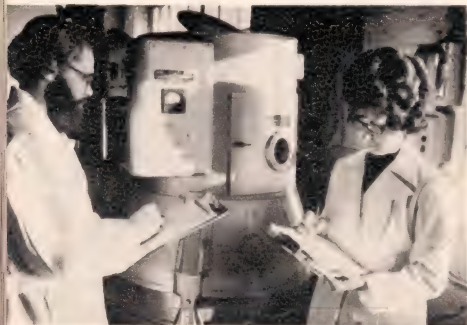
After four to six hours  
of tumbling in a drum  
filled with chrome  
solution the tanning of  
the hide is completed

Top grain Ford leather is split  
from the tanned hide



premium price.

A visit to the supplier of the Ford leather upholstery is an introduction to crafts that have come down through the centuries. First there is the three-week processing of the cow hide at the tanners.



Rigid laboratory testing of each lot of leather assures highest quality standards in Ford upholstery

The tanner trims the hide and soaks it to restore lost moisture. After a thorough washing the hides go to a fleshing machine to remove fat from the skins. A liming step then softens and swells the skins. Special chemicals are included in the process to remove the hair. Following this the hides are bated—a step using an enzyme or natural ferment to stop the swelling caused by liming, and to soften the leather further. After another thorough washing the hides go through a pickling operation to prepare them for actual tanning. (The manager

of one of the tanneries supplying Ford leather comes from a Swedish family of tanners dating back to the 17th century.)

For countless centuries, vegetable extracts from tree bark provided tanning agents. Today chrome tanning is the most widely used method. The chrome solution and the hides are tumbled in a large rotating drum until tanning is completed—between four and six hours, depending on the thickness of the hides. At the end of that time, the chemical nature of the hides has been changed from fast deteriorating animal matter to a stable, long-lasting substance not as susceptible to rotting.

After wringing, the hides are sent to the splitting room. A cow's hide measures about a quarter-inch in thickness, much too thick for most uses where flexibility of the leather is essential. In the splitting room, the hides are sliced into layers by a band knife. The top layer, where the hair was, is called *top grain*, and is split to approximately  $3/64$  of an inch. This is the best of all leather grades—and is used for the Thunderbird and Granada leather upholstery.

The top grain is now re-tanned and colored. Re-tanning enables the tanner to combine the desirable properties of more than one tanning agent—both vegetable extracts and manmade chemicals—into his leather.

After conditioning to the desired degree of softness, the skins are ex-



amined for naturally healed scratches and cuts that occurred during the animal's lifetime. Such marks of nature are the best proof of top-quality genuine leather.

Tanners use a variety of test equipment to evaluate the properties of the leathers they produce and to insure that they meet the rigid standards that Ford Motor Company sets for its interior fabrics. Ford's standards for the interiors of their cars are among the toughest in the industry. In addition, Ford laboratories use the same sort of testing equipment to double check random lots of leather.

Now the beautiful, soft, tanned skins are trucked to another plant for cutting. Each cow hide used in Ford upholstery is individually cut by a leather artisan using a plexi-glass pattern. Because the markings are different on each cow hide, only the expert leather worker can skillfully cut the hides to achieve the greatest beauty in a car seat. Most of the 65 craftsmen in one of the leather plants are fifth-generation leather workers from Europe. In the past they turned out saddles, boots, purses and leather fashions for the noble families of Europe. (An interesting sidelight is that modern American methods of tanning and treating leather have produced the finest, toughest leather in the world, despite the snob appeal of European leather. European cars are often re-upholstered with tougher American leather.)



Cow hides used in Ford upholstery are individually cut by a leather artisan

Thus your Thunderbird or Granada leather upholstery, produced by a combination of modern technology and Old World art, is the ultimate expression of taste in an elegant car interior. It has connotations of luxury and prestige, and is a practical, durable and thoroughly enjoyable material. □

Leather is embossed with a pattern to enhance appearance





Boston On the Eve

1775

*The feeling of Revolution in the air led to  
a famous message and a famous ride*

*by Joseph and Frances Gies*

*paintings*





ON EASTER SUNDAY, the 16th of April, 1775, Boston's Long Wharf was nearly deserted, but the few men and boys idling

there were alert. They spotted a sail on the horizon and identified it as a British man-of-war. While a knot of red-coated officers waited to receive the shore party, a few of the loitering townsmen turned and started down the half-mile length of the wharf toward the shoreline to spread the word: General Gage's orders had arrived from London—the Redcoats would be moving!

But where? When? For what purpose? As the party of British officers emerged from the Long Wharf at Mackrell Lane and walked up broad, cobblestoned King Street (modern Boston's State Street), eyes followed them from the windows of the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, rendezvous of Boston's merchants and ships' masters. Here the briny aroma of the waterfront gave way to the woodsmoke of brick chimneys, and, on an ordinary day in an ordinary year, the hammering and thumping, creaking of hoists, and shouts of dock workers gave way to the clatter of hooves, the rattle of carts, and the cries of street peddlers. This was no ordinary day or year, and Boston was eerily quiet.

The habitual decorum of a New England Sunday only partly masked the fact that Boston was a city

by Susan E. Naughton

where business had come to a standstill. Even on weekdays, it was "a very gloomy place," a lady wrote in a letter to a friend in England, "the Streets almost empty, many families removed from it, and the Inhabitants . . . divided into several parties, at variance, and quarreling with each other." Many of the shops—soapmakers, candlemakers, butchers, bakers, apothecaries, tailors, glaziers, chocolate-makers, sugar refiners—were boarded up.

In peaceful times Boston had 16,000 people. Today there were only 10,000, of whom 4,000 were British soldiers. As the British party made its way up King Street, they saw more Redcoats than Bostonians. At the intersection of King Street with Cornhill (later Washington Street), the long thoroughfare that under a succession of names led south and ultimately out the town gate to the Neck that connected Boston to the mainland, they passed the Town House (Old State House). Here the Boston Massacre had taken place five years earlier. On the anniversary a month ago, another massacre had nearly occurred when some British officers, in either a clumsy attempt at conciliation or a crude display of arrogance, had presented themselves at Old South Meeting House where the annual memorial service was being held.

Worshippers were at about this moment emerging from all of Boston's famous churches. They watched in silence as the British

ship's officers turned south on Cornhill Street toward Province House, General Gage's headquarters.

King Street had witnessed many lesser scuffles between Redcoats and Bostonians since the Massacre. There were now 11 regiments in town, the noise of their "insolent drums" and parades a ceaseless



irritant. Every incident between town and military was promptly reported, not only by indignant word of mouth, but by the angry radical press: an attempted robbery of an elderly woman; an officer wounding a youth with his sword; a grenadier, drunk and disorderly, arrested by the town watch, refusing to pay his fine, rescued by his comrades; an officer accosting two young ladies "of unblemished repu-



tation" and on being repulsed striking them with his rattan.

Not all Bostonians were openly hostile. Innocently or with guile some bought drinks for the Redcoats and otherwise befriended them, leading them into the temptation of desertion. On the Neck, where a stout blockhouse fort had been built by General Gage, sentries were posted with a double function: to arrest deserters and to guard against attack by the "Minutemen." Clashes with the truculent town watch were frequent. When the watch arrested a British soldier for an offense, he was commonly given a peremptory interrogation from the judge: "What are you doing here in Boston? Who sent you? By what authority?"

Lack of ice in the Back Bay and South Cove during the winter added to the tension by preventing egress by land except directly past the fort. Anyone wanting to leave town had to obtain a pass from Province House, and farmers bringing in provisions were searched on the way out. Nevertheless, muskets and cartridges and even two brass cannons were stolen and somehow smuggled out. On March 8 a "country fellow" caught buying arms from a soldier was tarred and feathered and paraded through the town by Redcoats.

Loyalist families streamed across the Neck into Boston with their belongings; spies moved in both directions. On April 5, General Gage sent two men to reconnoiter

the rebels' main arsenals at Worcester and Concord; they reported that an expedition to Worcester was impracticable, but that nearby Concord was an attractive target, promising capture of both military supplies and rebel leaders.

Small seaborne forays to Salem and Portsmouth had taken place during the winter, and to Marshfield at the beginning of April, and in March Lord Percy had led four regiments out over the Neck on a four-mile reconnaissance in force. Such provocations only added to the seething hostility of the Massachusetts countryside, where Sam Adams, John Hancock and other firebrands had taken refuge.

The previous day, Saturday, Bostonians had watched a large number of Redcoats deploy on the broad, 45-acre Common for a special training exercise, and early this morning observers on the waterfront had noticed that the warships had lowered their boats to the water during the night.

As the officers passed into Province House, the news raced through the town, through the congested North End, the sparser South End, and the half-rural western areas of open fields, windmills, and meadows, where rose Beacon Hill.

British officers fresh from London were not impressed with Boston. "No such thing as a play house," caustically wrote a lieutenant in his diary, "they were too puritanical a set to admit of such . . . Diversions."



Yet Boston had its fine buildings and handsome houses. Near the Town Dock stood Faneuil Hall, the cupolaed brick market house with meeting rooms on the second floor, given the town by the Huguenot merchant-philanthropist Peter Faneuil. In 1775 most of the churches and public buildings, as well as many of the houses, were of brick, rebuilt following fires.

The mansions of prominent citizens, many of whom were Loyalists, were concentrated in two parts of the city: near the Common, and in Clark's (later North) Square. On Tremont Street, opposite wooden King's chapel, stood the house built

by Peter Faneuil and inherited by his nephew Andrew, set well back from the street, with gardens extending up the hillside behind it. Not far away, on Beacon Hill, facing the Common, was the brick house inherited by John Hancock from his uncle. In Clark's Square, where the Old North Meeting House, the guardhouse, one of the towns' three markets, and one of the town pumps were located, stood the two greatest Boston houses of the day, the 26-room mansion built by William Clark, merchant, now occupied by Sir Charles Henry Frankland, and the handsome house and gardens of Governor Thomas



Hutchinson, sacked by a mob in 1765 because of his support of the Stamp Act.

Not far from these two brick mansions stood a trim but modest frame house, whose leaded, diamond-paned casement windows and projecting second-story gave a medieval aspect. Built after the Boston fire of 1676 and now almost 100 years old, it rose on the site of Increase Mather's old parsonage. The front entrance opening directly on the street, the house presented its long side to Clark's Square. A lot in the rear ran in a broadening swathe back to the New North Brick Church on Middle Street, known from its weathervane as the Cockerel Church.

The lady of the house was at this moment returning from church carrying her infant son in her arms, followed by her six stepchildren. Her husband, a pewholder and official in the Cockerel Church and one of Boston's skilled craftsmen, was away that morning on an errand that had taken him out of town.

By a backdoor, the family entered the kitchen, in an ell at the rear of the house, where Sunday dinner—probably a boiled fowl with vegetables—bubbled in an iron kettle hung in the huge fireplace. (Butchers' meat was scarce and expensive in beleaguered Boston.) The floor of the kitchen was sanded, the table set with pewter and china from the dresser at one side of the room. A wash bench held wooden tubs for

dishwashing, and spits, gridirons, pots, and frying pans were suspended around the fireplace.

The principal room of the house, running the width of the front, contained another large fireplace. This room was decorated with wallpaper depicting a London scene and furnished with chairs and tables, a finely carved chest, and a desk with writing implements and books. A stair led steeply to the sleeping rooms on the second floor, equipped with chests, chairs, and beds with ropes supporting hair mattresses topped with feather beds and quilts. Above was an attic. Objects of the householder's craftsmanship, made in his shop near Clark's Wharf, a few blocks away, were conspicuous throughout the house—candlesticks, bowls, engravings.

The children fed, the lady of the house peered anxiously out the casement windows. At dusk, as she was lighting the candles, her husband slipped into the house by the kitchen door.

Her relief at his return was short-lived. Quietly, out of earshot of the children, Paul Revere told Rachel that if the Redcoats left Boston in force, he and his friends were planning to ride out to warn John Hancock and Sam Adams, and to alert the countryside. But since messengers might find it difficult to get across the Charles or over the Neck, "First, as a signal, we'll show one lantern in Christ Church steeple if they go by land and two if by water."





# Modern Yankee Craftsmen

*New Englanders have been making things since the Pilgrims landed—now more than ever*

*story and photographs by William E. Pauli*

ON OUR FIRST ENCOUNTER with New England we were like a lot of other summer people. We motored from mountain to shore, walked holes in our shoes sightseeing in Boston's historic district and stuffed ourselves into obesity—sampling everything from Maine lobster to pancakes floating in Vermont maple syrup.

Things were great until we arrived home and compared our travel notes with a neighbor. Had we visited any New England craftsmen, he asked. And when he showed off a hand-stitched "Wedding Band" patchwork quilt and a hand-carved maple bowl, suddenly we felt cheated with our bag full of plastic souvenirs.

So this spring we drove back through Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island—looking for vestpockets of New England's least promoted natural resource: the Yankee craftsman. Along the way we met a spinner, a blacksmith, a woodcarver, a lobster pot maker and a potter.

The spinner was Dorothy

Blodgett. She's one of 16 spinning experts who belong to a cooperative crafts organization called the Shelburne Spinners. Visitors to the group's workshop in Burlington, Vermont, can watch as the group sorts, picks, washes, cards, dyes and spins wool into yarn the old-fashioned way.

"A crowd always gathers when someone sits down at the wheel," says Mrs. Blodgett, one of the spinners' most productive members. "People can't believe we turn wool into yarn by pedaling a wooden wheel. They want to know where we get the wool, if it's hard to spin, what happens when the yarn breaks and how much wool it takes to make a sweater."

Answering tourists' questions is fun, but Mrs. Blodgett does most of her serious spinning at home in Underhill, a hamlet tucked away in the Vermont mountains northeast of Burlington.

"Spinning helps me make ends meet," says the 40-year-old widow and mother of six. "I usually sit out on the porch and

Bruce Glen at the potter's wheel





Peter Krusch hammers out custom ironwork

spin in the evening after the chores are done." Mrs. Blodgett spends four hours at her wheel each day and turns out 20 skeins, or 1,000 yards, of top-quality, two-ply yarn a week.

For wool fanciers who can't visit the workshop, the spinners package yarn into kits with individual members signing each packet. You can get a brochure and wool samples by sending \$1 to the Shelburne Spinners, Box 651F, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

Mrs. Blodgett said to me, "We've found there are a lot of folks who like to work with hand-made wool yarn and we hope to spin all they can use."

Peter Krusch, the Vermont blacksmith, is proving people will pay for hand-crafted iron work, too. Even though he works at his forge from sunrise to sunset, the burly artisan has a two-month backlog of orders for custom-designed weathervanes, andirons, fireplace tools, ornamental iron lamps and candle holders.

"Americans today are more educated in the crafts than they were a few years back," says the former poultry farmer. "In the late '60s, when everyone was doing his own thing, there was a lot of junk around. It didn't take long for people to sort the good from the bad. Now quality crafts don't have any problem moving on the market, because people recognize the work and buy it."



Krusch, whose hammer can be heard clanging from an old barn along the road to Fletcher on the outskirts of Cambridge, took up full-time iron work four years ago, and finds it rewarding to turn out something permanent in an often impermanent age.

Although Krusch doesn't advertise his work, it is often the topic of conversation between townsfolk and tourists. "When someone asks about the weathervanes we've got on the barns around here, I send them to Pete," says a local shop owner.

"Most of our road business comes in the spring and summer when we work with the doors open," explains Krusch. "Folks who have never seen a blacksmith often stop to watch us."

While Krusch devotes his attention to custom-designed orders, an apprentice hammers out latches, wall brackets, keys and other small ornamental objects to satisfy souvenir hunters.

During the day Charles Martin is an accountant for a Hartford bank. In the evening this Connecticut craftsman follows the wood-carving trade of his Yankee ancestors.

"After working in a room full of computers all day it's relaxing to come home, roll up my shirt sleeves and turn out something with my hands," says the maker of miniature doll furniture. Martin, who hopes to open his own craft



Revival of old crafts includes wool spinning, above, and lobster pot funnel weaving, below





boutique in the Hartford suburb of Rocky Hill where he lives with his wife and four children, turns out exact replicas of famous European and early American furnishings.

The work is anything but doll play. Martin spends weeks studying his subject, either visiting local museums or examining photographs of the furniture to be copied. It takes anywhere from 15 to 20 hours to complete a single cherry wood carving which is scaled to 1/12th the full-size piece.

"Miniature collecting is very popular now," Martin says, holding a Queen Anne corner chair in the palm of his hand. Until he can find a market for his furniture, which sells from \$25 for a modest chair to \$82.50 for a Chippendale secretary (complete with secret compartment and 15 workable drawers), Martin stores the pieces in three authentic New England-style doll houses he has built.

Down along the Connecticut coast Vincent Clark has been building lobster pots for summer people for 16 years. "We're probably the last people on the East Coast who will build you a lobster pot to order," says the president of Clark's Marine Equipment. "Our family has been earning a living from the sea for four generations. My dad was a lobsterman, and he taught me to knit a lobster pot funnel before I could read."

Clark, who operates out of a small red building off Route 77 in Guilford, always takes time to show visitors how his square and rectangular pots are put together. "We use only the best green oak," he says. "One of our pots could last 15 years with proper care. Of course with woodworms, poachers and boats running over buoys the way they do these days that's not very likely."

With the help of an assistant, Clark manages to turn out nearly 5,000 pots a year. Most go to commercial lobstermen. However, it isn't unusual for one to end up as a coffee table or patio decoration halfway across the country. One couple from Wisconsin came in last year and bought a pair to show the hometown folks what a lobster pot looked like.

Sometimes Clark's pots work so well they get him in hot water. "A couple of years ago I made a five-footer for this lobsterman down on Cape May. A few weeks after I delivered the pot he came storming in here hot as a hornet. The first time he pulled up the trap he'd snared three 15-pounders. His only problem was he couldn't find anyone who could afford to buy a 15-pound lobster.

"Maybe I'm crazy to stay in a business that costs too much, takes too much time, and brings in too little profit. But at 56 I'm past the age of changing professions. Besides, I wouldn't do





Charles Martin displays part of his hand-carved miniature furniture

this if I didn't enjoy it."

Even though he is half a state away and has never met Vincent Clark, Bruce Glen echoes the lobsterman's sentiments.

"A person should enjoy what he's doing or stop doing it," says Glen, a stoneware potter who practices what he preaches. Five years ago he was one of New York's top fashion and

textile designers.

"One day I looked around and asked myself what I was doing in that rat race," he recalls. "It wasn't what I really wanted. So I quit. My wife is interested in antiques and through her I became intrigued with early American pottery and how it was made." After spending a year studying in Europe and California, Glen and his wife moved to a Rhode Island farm along U. S. 1 near Charlestown.

In the summer he sets aside an hour each day during which he invites visitors into his studio to watch him "throw" pottery. "On a rainy day we really draw a crowd," he says. "It isn't unusual for as many as 40 people to show up. Kids are my best audience. They're always fascinated as they watch a mug or bowl take shape on the wheel. They also ask the best questions.

"Some say that turning a piece of clay on a wheel is a pretty basic way to make a living," he says. "But when I make something that is really good, I know it, and it satisfies me and makes me feel good in body and spirit."

It made us feel good to discover that there are people who still care enough about America's past to make it part of today. And when someone asks us what we found in New England this trip, the answer will come simply: our heritage—alive and well. □







by Nathaniel Burt

paintings by Muriel Judd

**I**N THIS PERIOD of the Bicentennial, as Americans turn to the past more than ever, many turn not only to the national but to their own personal and ancestral past. And lots of them turn to New England. Few regions of the country can claim more prolific and better documented family founders, and the area is a genealogical happy hunting ground.

"In late life he became so devoted to the study of genealogy that those ignorant of it sometimes tired of his talk on it." This moderate statement at the end of a biography of an old

gentleman in a book of biographical, or narrative, genealogy pretty well sums up the common reaction to the subject. For "those ignorant" nothing can be more tiresome. For those devoted, however, there are all sorts of peculiar pleasures and rewards.

The concrete rewards — such as belonging to some society like the Sons of the Revolution or the Colonial Dames that requires genealogical proof of right to membership — may seem trivial to many. The pleasures, however, fall into two categories and can appeal to most.

## The Pleasures of Hunting for Ancestors

More often than not, our past lies in New England,  
and it's fun to uncover the evidence



First there is the scientific pleasure of research and detective work, tracking down and proving a line of descent through genealogies, graveyards, records, letters, deeds. Then there are the incidental pleasures of discovering odd family characters and curious family patterns.

For instance, there is the Doane family, originally of Cape Cod, where in every other generation someone was executed. In the 17th century a Doane was put to death as a warlock. His grandchildren were persecuted as Quakers. Having naturally moved to Pennsylvania, the Quakers' grandchildren were strung up as Tory guerillas during the Revolution, the notorious Doane Brothers of Bucks County. Then, skipping a generation and a move to Canada, a Doane was hanged for participating in the early 19th-century McKenzie Rebellion there. Curious.

There is the Adams Fatality. For three generations in succession a pattern persists. John Adams, President of the United States, had two brothers, one who died young, another who lived to an obscure middle age. Neither had male descendants. John Quincy Adams, son of John, also President of the United States (the only such father-son

succession in American history), had two brothers, one who died young, alcoholic and disgraced, one who lived on into obscure and also alcoholic middle age. Neither had male descendants. Charles Francis Adams, son of John Quincy, Civil War Minister to Great Britain, had two brothers, one who committed suicide as a youthful paranoiac, another who lived on into obscure middle age. Neither left any male descendants. Curious — especially as a demonstration of heredity, one you will find recorded not in history books but only in genealogical works.

There are homelier touches. From those books of narrative genealogy (always to be preferred for light reading to books of just plain schematic family lines) you can glean nice little bits, like that description of the old gentleman too fond of genealogy; or of a relative about whom it is written, "His father's sudden death during a summer thunderstorm in 1815 may have helped the nine year old boy to decide that he too would be a retail druggist." Of a female of the same family who became the typical benevolent maiden aunt: "Owing to the extreme care which her father took of his health, the family retired to bed





so early that no opportunity was given to her when young to entertain visitors."

All genealogical research may not be pleasurable, but at the end, particularly in New England, lies that ultimate goal, the Family Founder. Every good New England family has such a Founder, and literally millions of modern Americans are descended from such hardy individuals.

There are the Whitneys for instance. Anybody in America named Whitney is liable to be descended from John Whitney who came to Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1635. In the *Dictionary of American Biography*, that bible of historical merit, there are the life histories of 11 well-known Whitneys, ranging from Eli, inventor of the cotton gin (1765-1825), through William Collins, Secretary of the Navy and multimillionaire (1841-1904), to Mary, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar (1847-1920). Though most of these people are only remotely connected and were born in various small New England towns, every single one of the eleven is a descendant of John of Watertown.

The Whitneys are tied up, in a certain branch, with the Dwights.



There are 15 Dwights in the DAB. Thirteen of them, including two Timothy Dwights who were presidents of Yale, are descended from John Dwight of Dedham, Massachusetts. The Dwights are tied up with the Edwardses. Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758), America's most famous theologian, who ended up president of Princeton, despite his Connecticut upbringing,

was a formidable progenitor. One of 13 children himself, he and wife Sarah Pierpont, no mean mystic in her own right, produced 11. Innumerable descendants have headed colleges and written books.

The Edwardses were so prolific and meritorious, springing from Founder William of 1640, a merchant in Hartford, Connecticut, that the family was used as an example of good heredity to balance off the nefarious, if mythical, Jukes and Kallikaks. As the heredity of the Adams family shows, this can get you into all sorts of dilemmas. For instance, one Edwards grandchild was Aaron Burr. A descendant of the saintly Pierponts was J. Pierpont Morgan.

In order to help you trace your own Founder, the New England Genealogical Society will do its



damnedest. It has a center, The New England Historic Genealogical Society (101 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116) and publishes a journal, *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register*. If

a graveyard. Lots of fun can be had in old New England graveyards. Some living person in town will know all about everything; usually in total disagreement with somebody else in town.



you know the town where the family originated, all sorts of help will be made available there. The town library will have the trees of local families. The courthouse will have deeds and records. There's always

New England differs from the feckless, far-spread, war-ravaged South, and the early-emigrant-flooded, restless Middle Atlantic, by having been organized in towns. The early New England town was



not a mere collection of houses. It was a sort of Holy Commune organized around church and school. Nobody was allowed to settle who didn't belong to the church, and everyone had to go to town meetings. Minutes of these meetings were held continuously and faithfully, so people know who was living in the town and when. As Whitneys, say, moved west, they founded other towns on the same model, and these successive towns go out to at least Ohio, carrying along the same town and family names.

This breeds a curious sort of *de facto* "democracy of blood" throughout rural New England which isn't quite like the "kin" of Southerners, much less the exclusive family pride of Pennsylvania or New York. *Everybody* named Whitney in New England is liable to be related—boatmen, yachtsmen, garbage collectors, brokers. They may not acknowledge the relationship, but it is there. Rich New Englanders whose ancestors came from small

towns to make their pile in Boston moved back to the ancestral village for the summer. Their children and grandchildren have settled there all year round, and find themselves again part of a community made up of "natives," distant cousins who have never moved away.

Perhaps the puffing up of personal pride by basking in the glories of ancestry may seem a silly vanity. But self-knowledge—who you are, who you were, where you came from—is always valuable. A person without a past is like a shape without a shadow, lacking in depth and dimension. The present emphasis on the African background of American blacks is a striking example of that search for identity, depth, dimension. Bicentennial time is a period when revaluations, personal and national, are appropriate. For those who can go back to a New England Founder, this is an appropriate time for ancestor hunting. It might turn out to be fun, too. Happy hunting! □

## Who Sends You Ford Times?

THE NAME OF the dealer who makes your FORD TIMES possible is featured on the back cover of every issue.

Sending you FORD TIMES each month is his way of contributing to your reading and travel pleasure. If you enjoy the magazine, we hope you will let him know.

... and perhaps come and see him when you are in the market for a new car ... or require service for your present one.



**WHITE CLIFFS,  
NORTHBORO,  
MASSACHUSETTS**

The Tomaiolo brothers converted a beautiful 19th century mansion into a fine dining place at 167 East Main Street (U.S. 20) in downtown Northboro. Dinner served every day, 5 to 10 p.m., except Monday. Sunday dinner served noon to 8 p.m. Reservations necessary for Saturday nights.

**FANCY STEAK A LA PIZZAIOLA**

*1 pound sirloin steak  
Olive oil, enough to cover*

*painting by Argus Childers*

*bottom of pan*

*1 garlic clove, crushed*

*¼ cup each: fresh sliced mushrooms and green peppers*

*1½ cups Italian whole tomatoes, crushed*

*1 teaspoon parsley, chopped*

*Pinch of oregano*

*Salt and pepper, to taste*

*¼ cup dry red wine*

Combine oil, garlic, mushrooms, peppers and sauté until almost tender at medium heat. Add steak and remaining ingredients. Simmer 5 minutes more for medium rare. Serves two.

FAVORITE **Recipes** FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS  
by Nancy Kennedy

**NEW HAMPSHIRE  
HIGHWAY HOTEL,  
CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE**

This friendly hotel is situated just off Exit 14 of Interstate 93. It is a short run from the White Mountain National Forest and Lake Winnepesaukee. The regal Coach Dining Room in the hotel offers breakfast, lunch and dinner. Overnight accommodations and complete recreation facilities available. Reservations advisable. Richard Morton is the owner.

**BREAST OF CHICKEN EUGENE**

Remove skin and bones from 3 whole chicken breasts. Cut breasts in half and dredge chicken pieces in seasoned flour. Sauté in salad oil

over medium heat until golden brown, remove from pan and keep warm. Heat 6 four-ounce ham slices in oven and then make Supreme Sauce below.

*Supreme Sauce:* Melt 3 ounces butter in a saucepan, add 6 tablespoons of flour and cook a few minutes, stirring to a smooth mixture. Add two cups chicken stock and salt and pepper, to taste. Stir in 1 cup warm coffee cream. Strain mixture, then add ½ cup combined chopped sautéed mushrooms and pimentos. To serve place 6 slices of hot toast on individual plates, top with ham slice and a half chicken breast. Ladle Supreme Sauce over each portion. Serves 6.







## THE COMMON MAN, WARREN, VERMONT

An old barn was converted into a delightful restaurant by Mike Ware and Gusti Iten at Warren, in the Sugarbush ski country of Vermont. Dinner is the only meal. Reservations necessary. Closed on Monday and Thanksgiving and Christmas days.

### SUPREME DE VOLAILLE FLAMBE AU SCOTCH

- 1 pound boned chicken breasts*
- ½ cup flour*
- 3 ounces butter*
- ½ onion, sliced*
- 1 cup raisins (marinated in Scotch 24 hours)*

- 1 cup chicken gravy*
- 2 ounces heavy cream*
- 3 ounces good Scotch whisky*
- 2 cups hot creole rice or noodles*

Lightly dredge the breasts in flour and sauté in 2 ounces butter until golden brown. Place in 375° oven for 5 to 7 minutes. In a deep skillet melt 1 ounce butter, add sliced onions and raisins and cook over medium heat for 2 to 3 minutes. Then flambé with ½ ounce Scotch. Lower heat, add stock and cream and simmer for 3 minutes. Place chicken in the skillet with the sauce and simmer for 3 minutes. Flambé again with remaining Scotch and serve with creole rice or noodles. Serves 4.

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## FARINA'S GOLDEN LANTERN, WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND

This lively restaurant is a home away from home for the stars who appear at the local summer theater and is also a favorite eating place of tourists and natives alike. Ten years ago, when Rose and Al Farina started the dining room, they only seated 90, now they seat over 250. Lunch and dinner served every day; reservations necessary. Take Exit 117 West from I-95. The address is 1557 Bald Hill Road.

### COQUILLE OF SCALLOPS

In a sauce pan combine ¼ cup dry white wine, 4 tablespoons clam juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and a dash each of salt and garlic salt. Bring to a boil. Add 12 ounces cleaned bay scallops, reduce heat

and simmer for about 5 minutes. With slotted spoon remove scallops and divide among 4 shells. Sauté ½ cup sliced fresh mushrooms lightly in 1 tablespoon butter with ½ of a diced avocado. Add dash of salt and 1½ ounces each of white wine and green Chartreuse. To the wine-clam juice mixture add 1 heaping teaspoon of cornstarch dissolved in 2 tablespoons of water and fold in ¼ cup whipping cream. Remove from heat. Combine this sauce with the avocado mixture. Divide remaining raw, sliced avocado among the 4 scallop-filled shells. Pour sauce over shells and sprinkle each lightly with powdered lemon peel, paprika and dill. Bake at 450° for about 8 minutes or until top is lightly browned. Serves 4.







**I**S IT POSSIBLE to designate any one of New England's highways and byways as its most beautiful? The character of these roads is far too diverse and diffuse to admit the selection of one alone. Or at least that is what challengers to my pick would say. And then they would go right ahead and offer their own.

Interstate 89 in Vermont between Montpelier and Randolph might be the selection of a progressive New Englander. It's a majestic

strip of superhighway carved into the crests of mountains and commanding a view of thousands of farm and forested acres. But what about U. S. 1 as it winds its way up the ragged edge of Maine's coast? That would be the offering of a maritime selector, citing the magnificent ocean views on one side of the determined little highway, and the wind-swept and salted coastal dwellings on the other. Arguments could be made for U.S. 93 in New Hamp-

# THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DRIVE IN

It's in Vermont—Thetford Center to Washington

by Brian Vachon      photographs by John H. Merwin





shire, which carries the motorist past breathtaking vistas as it winds beneath the White Mountains.

But I would return the challenges to the original premise: The most beautiful drive in New England would have to be one which reflects that part of the country's character. The New England character—the mystique which has developed and grown as Americans departed that part of the world for frontiers of their own—is home, peace, tran-

## NEW ENGLAND

(arguments invited)

quility. The New England generalization is farms with visible boundaries, churches with white steeples, country houses and character.

My selection for the most beautiful drive in New England is a 30-mile stretch of good blacktop in Orange County, Vermont. It not only displays that New England character, it exaggerates it. From Thetford Center to Washington—30 miles of quintessential New England.

The drive picks up on Route 113A outside the hamlet of Thetford Center on a road whose twists and turns are generously gradual and whose speed limit is mostly 45. It's the kind of road that tells you that if you get behind a tractor you'll come to know it pretty well before the trac-

tor gets behind you. But as the road meanders mostly northerly, you might not even mind. The Om-pompanoosuc River is a constant companion.

The views from 113A are short of spectacular—but simple, honest, comfortable. It's farm land mostly, with pastures stretching back a dozen acres or so before giving way to the ancient hills. Horses and Herefords co-exist in the pastures but most of the farm animals are dairy cows — fastidious Holsteins mingling with Jerseys and other short-horns. The houses are classic examples of continuous architecture in New England: the main portion's connected to the mud room, the mud room's connected to the backshed, the back shed's connected to the main barn, and so on.

The first village on my most beautiful drive comes and goes almost without being noticed. Post Mills, population under 100, isn't much more than a general store and the prim Peabody Library as seen from the road. If you look back a way you might see a couple of old homes but you'll also see cows.

The first real village is another mile up the road (which is now 113)—West Fairlee. In its center is the predictable white-steepled Congregational Church with an unpredictable and finely crafted stained glass window in the front. Behind it is the obligatory burying ground with tilting stones paying homage to all the late Coxes and







Chases and Rogerses and Powells. A lot of people died in West Fairlee during the 1800s, with too many of them dying too young.

For the next five miles, Route 113 travels lazily through more dairy land. Boulders in a wall plucked from the reluctant earth tell you the land is better for grazing than for growing. But there are plenty of healthy corn fields to be seen in the summer and fall, a dazzling array of wild flowers in the spring, and not much of anything but snow the rest of the year.

The village of Vershire is situated at the headwaters of the Ompompanoosuc and it's a village that adds a sad note to the New England character. A century ago, the population was more than seven times the current 300 and there was a time when the mountain community produced 60 percent of the nation's entire copper output. The mines are closed now, and the village has long quieted down. Some of the yards are cluttered and some of the homes need painting, but it's a truly New England town.

Outside Vershire, the farm land appears to grow richer and the road begins an incline. The chaotic stone wall continues to follow the contours of the rambling countryside but its purpose now is clearly decorative. At the top of a hill (perhaps a mountain, eons ago) you can look down to the town of Chelsea, Orange County's squire town—the jewel in the county crown. If my

most beautiful drive is quintessential New England, Chelsea achieves an absolute among New England towns. Settled in 1784, it is still an active trade center with a population of over 1,000.

Clustered in the valley of the First Branch of the White River and surrounded by the Green Mountains, it is a town whose spirit still sings. The fine Victorian United Church faces a large green which is guarded by elms and maples. Across the road is the Orange County Courthouse, the church's architectural rival boasting its own green. Even the county jail, used now mostly to give overnight accommodations to transients, is a picturesque meld of iron and brick. Chelsea, home of a one-time Civil War general, a Secretary of the Interior, two Vermont governors and countless homesick emigrants, is someplace special.

Outside the town, Route 113 becomes Route 110 with no discernible change in direction or road surface. The stone wall picks up again, but this time the stones are smaller and more meticulously fitted together. It is farm country again, though the pastures are mostly horizontal. Now you will see snowmobiles and road bikes in many yards, along with the carefully stacked cords of wood and clothes flapping on a clothesline. In the woods beyond, sugar shacks stick their pointed heads above the smaller trees. In the fall, of course, the foliage



is dazzling, but color is important on this road throughout the year. New tractors splash red and yellow in the green pastures and white birches stand out in stark relief back in the woods.

Eventually those woods creep closer and closer to the road, with maples, spruce and pine trees tangling their branches to form a tight and verdant web. It is difficult to imagine that a century ago, this land, too, was cleared for pasture, and merino sheep were putting finishing touches to the displantation. Now the trees are again in charge, with little to interrupt their growth but an occasional dirt road striking off invitingly.

In the fall, before the hunting starts, deer brazenly munch the tasty grass that grows just beside the roadway, and chipmunks skip by like miniature hares. The beavers are invisible, but you can clearly see the desolation of their wake.

There are no signs or billboards on this road save those which serve notice of posting. Sometimes it takes a while to realize they are missing. Sometimes it takes driving to another state. Vermont has the strictest but least complicated billboard law in the country. It simply prohibits them.

Through the wooded land, Route 110 continues to climb up, up until it comes out over a rise and then suddenly — dramatically — Vermont opens up again. Before you will be a wide, rolling vista extend-

ing in three directions. You have climbed Washington Peak, elevation 2,500 feet, which is not much as peaks go, but the view holds its own with any. Below are the fields of a dozen or more farms, two cemeteries, a wooded area that seems to be surrounding another village. Yes, there's the steeple of the Washington Baptist Church.

Descending Washington Peak, you will be driving the last leg of my most beautiful drive. I could have ended at the summit—at that glorious unfolding of Vermont countryside—but this drive is a piece of New England character, so let's not leave things out. Mobile homes that have long been immobile are part of the scenery here and it serves little purpose to deny them.

At least 20 states have a town named Washington and Vermont's has little to distinguish it—which I write almost as a compliment. The clapboard houses look comfortable and the cinder block service station looks efficient. Plant swings decorate some yards and swinging spare tires provide the diversion in others. It's a nice town to end my drive on.

You could go on if you like. Just up the road are the famous granite quarries of Barre and just a few miles beyond is Montpelier. Some say it has the most beautiful capitol in America. But I'd like to finish my most beautiful drive here: Thetford Center to Washington, 30 miles of New England at its New Englandest. □



# Where To Find the Rockbound Coast

paintings by Robert Eric Moore



**T**HE PHRASE has the persistence of those that—like many from Shakespeare and the Bible—enter the mind and are never dislodged. While no one would ever claim that it belongs among the loftier examples of poetry, it has a nugget of truth that insures its staying power. It comes from a poem called “The Landing of



the Pilgrim Fathers," by Felicia Dorothea Hemans. The particular verse in which the phrase appears is this:

*The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tossed.*

There is a certain amount of poetic license in the verse. The Pilgrims first dropped anchor where Provincetown is now situated, at the tip of Cape Cod. Eventually they landed at Plymouth. In neither location, except in the worst storms of winter, do the waves dash particularly high. By and large, the sea is placid in both places. Yet the picture drawn by the poet fits our notion of what the Pilgrims endured—a dangerous voyage, a treacherous coast, a strange land. Hence the fame of the phrase, which we usually hear early in childhood.

There is another factor: No one is indifferent to the sea, especially a sea whose waves roar in to crash on granite shores, only to perish, to fall back and regroup their tremendous forces and again assault the shores—time after time after time with their thousands of tons of wild salt water. Most of us could stare at this drama of the ocean forever.

Visitors to New England should see the waves dashing high. It is an astonishing sight. The best places are on the coast of Maine, which is so chopped up, so indented, so rocky that the Atlantic has many opportunities to exhibit violence. Here are seven places where, as a New Englander might put it, the ocean "boils up nicely." They are in no special order, but all can be seen from the car or within a hundred feet or so after parking.

- Two Lights State Park, off Route 77, seven miles south of Portland.
- Pemaquid Point, end of Route 130, south of Damariscotta.
- Schoodic Point, part of Acadia National Park, off Route 186.
- Ocean Point, at the end of Route 96, near Boothbay Harbor.
- Bailey Island, at the end of Route 24, south of Brunswick.
- West Quoddy Head, Route 189 off U.S. 1 (easternmost point in Maine, in fact, of the U.S.).
- Ocean Drive, off Route 3, in Acadia National Park.

Failing to find himself at any of the above locations, the visitor may wish to try a substitute, which can be found on the shores of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The thing to do is to head for those shores during or immediately after a northeaster, the



particular storm that sends the Atlantic into a frenzy.

On the south shore of Massachusetts—that is, south of Boston—the places to go are Cohasset, Scituate, Marshfield and Plymouth and the Cape Cod National Seashore, which presents a broad expanse to the open ocean. On the north shore, go to Beverly, Gloucester and Rockport, following Route 127 and 127A.



New Hampshire, with the shortest seacoast of any New England state, offers, relatively, the longest stretch from which to view the sea. The total is 18 miles, with the best part possibly being between Rye Beach and Rye North Beach, off U.S. 1A, near the Maine border. The Atlantic doesn't always crash here, but it comes rolling in on long, rhythmic, powerful combers. □



# Notes from the New

**V**ISITORS WITH AN HOUR to spare in a New England town should step into the local library. More often than not, the New England town library doubles as a museum. Local residents bequeath paintings, silver, historic objects, and all sorts of memorabilia to it. As a result, the library is much more than a collection of books; it tells a lot about a town's flavor.

The hotels, motels and country inns of New England are fine, but the region is rich in tourist homes, a form of lodging that may be on the wane elsewhere. Try them. They are inexpensive and friendly, and the owner, usually a native of the town, knows all there is to know about local history, sights and things to do.

New England has some of the most famous roadside shops in the country. Here are five of them:

- The Vermont Country Store, in Weston. Crammed to the rafters with a wonderful collection of usables and edibles that combine nostalgia, practicality and common sense. The merchandise is noted for its faultless integrity. The shop is open from 9 to 5 every day except Sunday.
- Carroll Reed Ski Shop, North Conway, New Hampshire. There's a lot more than skis here. The shop is very tweedy and leathery and it caters to people who want to dress tastefully and beautifully for the outdoors. Open seven days a week in summer.
- L. L. Bean, Freeport, Maine. The greatest store in the world for people who are serious about the clothes and equipment they use for outdoor living and recreation. The store is open 24 hours a day every day of the year.
- The Brookstone Company, Peterborough, New Hampshire. A fantastic repository of tools—rare tools, superb tools, hard-to-find tools. Open every day except Sunday.
- The Orvis Company, Manchester, Vermont. One of the most celebrated makers of fishing equipment and gear for the sportsman and sportswoman. They have a pond where you can test the suitability of the flyrod you select.



# England Roadside

One of the most beautiful natural scenes in America is the Intervale, about three miles north of North Conway, on Route 16 in New Hampshire's White Mountains. The view, which has attracted landscape painters for a century, shows a broad and placid valley with the Presidential Range and Mt. Washington in the distance. It will satisfy anyone's hunger for great vistas.

Let's say you're from some other part of the country and feel like having something at a New England soda fountain. You'll find that things have different names from what you are accustomed to. For example, the soda fountain itself may be called a spa. You want a chocolate milk shake (syrup, milk and chocolate ice cream)? In some parts of Maine it's a chocolate velvet. On Cape Cod it's a chocolate frap. In Rhode Island it's a chocolate cabinet. And what is known throughout the country as soda or pop, is known in Boston and large New England cities as tonic (pronounced *tawnic*). There are many other differences. Just be sure to specify what you want by recipe.

Ocean swimming in New England? Yes, there are many public beaches—but "public" doesn't necessarily mean free. There may be parking or admissions fees, or both. Here is a listing of some of the better beaches: In Connecticut, Hammonasset Beach State Park in Madison, Rocky Neck State Park in Niantic, Ocean Beach in New London. In Rhode Island, Naragansett Beach in Naragansett and Misquamicut State Park in Westerley. In Massachusetts, Cape Cod National Seashore at Truro or Eastham (get there early on a good day), Craigville Beach near Hyannisport, White Horse Beach near Plymouth, Wingaersheek near Gloucester, Crane's Beach near Ipswich and Plum Island near Newburyport. In New Hampshire, Hampton Beach and Rye Beach. In Maine, Old Orchard, Ogunquit and Kennebunk. If you're from the Midwest and have never dipped a toe in the Atlantic off New England, be warned. It's very, very cold. □



# CONTRIBUTORS

MAY SARTON was born in Belgium but has lived in New England since she was a small child, first in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she was educated, then in New Hampshire, where she bought an old farm and lived for 17 years, and now in Maine, where she looks out over the Atlantic. Her most recent books are *Collected Poems*, which W. W. Norton brought out to celebrate her 62nd birthday; *As We Are Now*, a poignant novel about a nursing home; and *Journal of Solitude*.

From his own summer place in New England, EVAN JONES makes culinary excursions to restaurants all over the region. He has written many articles on food for *Gourmet*, and recently (March) published *American Food: The Gastronomic Story*. He is deep in a new book project called *The Mastery of Cheese*, scheduled for publication next year.

SUSAN E. NAUGHTON, who did our cover as well as the paintings that illustrate the story on Boston in 1775, is a free-lance artist with a studio in Birmingham, Michigan. She majored in painting and drawing while an undergraduate and later got her M.A. in the same field at Notre Dame. Following her first "one-man" show in 1972, she taught a figure-drawing class at Macomb County Community College in Michigan.

Not a New Englander, but a writer whose research has led him to Boston often, NATHANIEL BURT has been a genealogist for a number of years. His book *The Perennial Philadelphians* was a definitive study of Philadelphia society, and more recently he published *First Families*, a history of families who constitute an American aristocracy. He has also written several novels and is working on a book about the origins of American museums.

JOSEPH and FRANCES GIES are a husband-and-wife team specializing in history. They wrote *Life in a Medieval Castle* and are at work on *The Ingenious Yankees*, about the makers of the Industrial Revolution. Together they have written a dozen books and many articles. Mr. Gies was an editor on the Fifteenth Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Mrs. Gies is an alumna of the story department at 20th Century-Fox.

ROBERT ERIC MOORE, who illustrated the story on the rockbound coast, did one of the paintings near Pemaquid Point, where his ancestors were shipwrecked in 1635. He is a 12th generation New Englander and has been a resident of Maine for the past 21 years. His watercolors have won innumerable awards throughout the country and are in the permanent collections of many museums.



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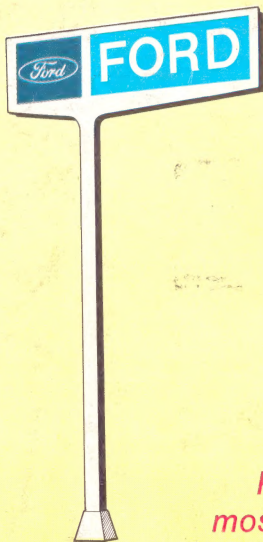
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